ANOTHER WOMAN SUED THAW

ACTION IS STILL PENDING FOR \$20,000 FOR ASSAULT.

Ethel Thomas Charged That He Beat Her With a Whip-Mrs. Schwarz Turns Gut Net to Be a Valuable Witness -Prisoner's Mother Arrives From Europe To-day.

tant District Attorney Garvan, who s building up the case against Harry Thaw, was informed vesterday of a proceeding brought against Thaw some years ago and which will undoubtedly be used by the ecution at the murder trial. This proseding was a suit brought by a woman named Ethel Thomas for \$20,000 for assault. An interesting fact concerning this suit was that the lawyer of record was Abe Hummel, who drew up the affidavit which Evelyn Nesbit made against Thaw after she had left him in Paris and returned to this country. One of the charges said to have been made by Miss Nesbit in that affi-davit, of which a record can be produced, is that Thaw assaulted ber.

The facts concerning the suit brought against Thaw by Miss Thomas were given to Mr. Garvan yesterday by Joseph A. Shay, a lawyer of 305 Broadway. This suit is still pending, and Hummel still stands on the records as the lawyer for the plaintiff.
According to the affidavit of the plaintiff,

the assault occurred on January 8, 1902. She averred that she had been acquainted with Thaw for some time prior to that, that she met him on that day in answer to a letter and that he took her to his apartents. These apartments were at 304 Fifth avenue. They were in the name of William Bedford, Thaw's valet, who has since died. On the way there, Miss Thomas alleged, Thaw bought a whip and when he got her in his room he beat her with this whip, She escaped from him and went stely to a lawyer's office, exhibiting the marks made by the whip.

The lawyer was Senator Flynn of Alabama; whom the girl knew. He turned the case over to Lawyer Shay and the latter turned it over to Hummel. The case is said to have been reported to the District Attorney at the time, but nothing ever came of it. It is understood that the District Attorney has been informed that Miss Thomas can be produced as a witness Thew and there are also available written by Thaw to the girl, some of which are attached to the papers in the

One of these letters; written just previous o January 8; 1902, reads:

DEAR ETHEL:—I am sorry I wasn't there Friday. If you can call at 804 Fifth avenue to-morrow, Tuesday. Please ring Bedford's bell, or if door is open come to the top of boll, or it look is open to the total house. There are stores underneath. But come at 15 o'clook, Won't you write here if you cannot come? Very sincerely, H. Another letter which is an exhibit in the case is marked "Private," and reads:

DEAR ETHEL:—I am awfully sorry. I was 160 clock in the morning you were to comto me; not 1 but 10. It was too bad. I thought did not care for me so very much. Don't tellany one, but do come and care for me again very soon. I think of you. Kiss. Please send an answer at once care of Bedford, 864, but tell no one.

Two more women who can tell something about the principals in the Thaw-White tragedy were before Mr. Garvan yesterday. They were Rose Marston and Marion Stokes. Miss Marston is at present playing in an outdoor presentation of "As You Like It." She has only recently become an

in an outdoor presentation of "As four Like It." She has only recently become an actiess. Before that she was an artist's model. She met Evelyn Nesbit while the latter was posing and they became friends, both visiting the same studios.

Miss Marston is quite epposite in type to Mrs. Thaw. She was found by Paul Bergoff, the detective who used to be employed by White, and came here from Albany, where she is playing. She once posed as one of a group of figures on a series of \$2 Treasury notes. Miss Marston denied that she knew White except by reputation and that she had known Thaw at all. She did tell Mr. Garvan, it is understood, a great many things about Mrs. Thaw and of her relations with certain men. Mr. Garvan would not say just what her testimony was. He did say, however, that she had come as a willing witness and would be of some importance.

Marion Stokes, who is also an actress and was a friend of White, was questioned for some time by Mr. Garvan yesterday. Miss Stokes corroborated the story that she had had an appointment to meet White the night he was killed. The appointment was for 11:30 o'clock. He was to meet her at the Garden.

It was made apparent yesterday that some one had been making misrepresenta-

meet her at the Garden.

It was made apparent yesterday that some one had been making misrepresentations as to the value as a witness in the case of Mrs. Mayme Y. Schwarz, the Southern woman who lives at the Pierrepont and who tried to dodge a subpona the other day.

woman who lives at the Pierrepont and who tried to dodge a subpona the other day.

Mrs. Sohwars is ill in bed, but yesterday she granted a bedside audience to Detective Peter Beery, who had been assigned to keep a watch on her. She told Beery that some stories about her were untrue and others distorted so that she wouldn't be of any value as a witness.

These stories were to the effect that Mrs. Sohwars had heard Thaw make threats against White in her apartments. Yesterday Mrs. Sohwars insisted that she had never known Thaw, but had known Miss Nesbit before her marriage. As to the threats, she said that she had only heard of them from others. She gave the names of those who had told her of them, but she insisted that she could give no testimony herself along this line. She also denied that she had ever given a dinner party to the Thaws.

Beery reported this conversation at once to Mr. Garvan. The latter told Beery to take a stenographer with him to the hotel and get Mrs. Sohwarz's statement taken down. When they got back they were informed that Mrs. Schwarz was too ill to make any statement to a stenographer. Mr. Garvan said that he would let the matter rest for a while. He is convinced that Mrs. Schwarz was too ill to make any statement to a stenographer. Alexander C. Young, the lawyer who says he represents Mrs. Schwarz, had said that her testimony to the defence, which offer was declined with thanks.

Mr. Garvan is going away with Mr. Jerome on a Southern trip and for a time the work of constructing the case against Thaw will halt. It is known that most if not all of the women whom the District Attorney has been looking for have now been found and questioned. There may be one or two more who will get a chance to appear and have their photographs printed in the newspapers, but even this is doubtful, as most of the evidence necessary to the prosecution's case in this line is understood to have been gained now.

One thing which the prosecution has pretty well convinced itself of is that the

tion's case in this line is understood to have been gained now.

One thing which the prosecution has pretty well convinced itself of is that the stories put out at first regarding Stanford White were gross fabrications. There is good reason to believe, too; that the defence while trying to unearth evidence supporting these stories has been unsuccessful.

Mrs. William Thaw, Harry Thaw's mother, is due to arrive here to-day on the steamer Kaiserin Auguste Viotoria. She is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. George Lauder Carnegie, who sailed for Europe immediately after her brother murdered White and engaged the passage home for her mother. The steamer is due this afternoon.

No visitors under the rules are allowed at the Tombs on Sunday. The only way a prisoner can receive a visitor on Sunday is by special permission from Commissioner Lantry. He is out of town. Should the steamer dock too late to permit Mrs. Thaw visiting her son to-day, she would most likely have to forego a visit to him until Monday.

It is understood that upon Mrs. Thaw's

y. understood that upon Mrs. Thaw's here there is to be a conference the lawyers, including several from

Pittsburg who have represented the family thore. Mrs. Thaw is said to favor an insanity defence for her son. This mea, Thaw has announced in a personal statement, is not to be raised for him, but the conviction is growing that Thaw may have been fooled by his own lawyers, and that his own statements will be proffered as proof of his mental condition.

Mrs. Harry Thaw had an uncomfortable time yesterday when she visited her husband. The police, believing the curiosity in her had somewhat died down, relaxed their precautions to prevent a crowd. The result was a crowd of men and women in front of the door of the Tombs, and when she carrie out and tried to get into her automobile some of the women ran beside her and even pulled at her veil. and even pulled at her veil.

"This is the worst part of it all," said Mrs. Thaw when she got in her cab.

HOLY ROLLERS WIDOW HELD. Frankly Admits She Was to Compact

Murder Her Husband's Stayer. SEATTLE, Wash., July 13.—Immediately after the arrest of Esther Mitchell, the seventeen-year-old girl who killed her brother here last night, orders were given for the apprehension of Mrs. Mary Creffield, widow of the "Holy Roller Prophet," whose death at the hands of George Mitchell led

to last night's tragedy. Mrs. Creffield, however, telephoned the police where she was to be found, and when taken to the station frankly admitted that she had entered into a compact with Esther to kill the slayer of her husband. She will be held as an accomplice.

Yesterday's tragedy was due to the disordered mental condition of the young girl, who, with her sister, Mrs. Burgess Starr, had been jured into the fold of the strange oult, whose weird orgies and "danoing dervish" ceremonies caused a great many emotional young girls to attach themselves to the "prophet." On the death of Creffield, after vainly waiting for him to rise from the grave as he had promised, Esther vowed vengeance on her brother. At the recent trial, at which George Mitchell was, acquitted on the technical defence of insanity, he had testified against him.

When questioned regarding her motive for killing her brother she replied: "That's what he got for taking the prophet away from me. I am glad I did it," and con-

"While Mrs. Creffield and I were talking in her home my brother Fred came in and said that George and Perry wanted to see me before leaving for Oregon. I thought this would be a good chance. I took the gun and I went to the depot. Perry had bought the tickets I met George and shook hands with him and we started for the train. Fred and I were behind the

other two brothers. That was the chance I wanted and I shot George." The wife of Creffield was with him when he was shot in the streets of Seattle two months ago. Since then Esther has made her home with the wife of the dead "prophet." prophet."
The order of the Holy Rollers, which

The order of the Holy Rollers, which has been practically disintegrated since the killing of its head, has had considerable vogue in Facific Coast towns, from Los Angeles to Corville, Ore., its most recent centre. It is practically an offshoot of Dr. Cyrus R. Teed's strange communistic and religious cult known as the Koreshi Ecclesia, or Church Archtriumphant, which flourished a score of years ago in Chicago and Esctero, Fla. Koreshi (which is the Hehrew translation of Cyrus) taught that the surface of the earth is really concave instead of convex, and that we are living on the inside of the shell of the earth. Teed published a paper in Chicago called the Flaming Suord and gained thousands of followers. side of the shell of the earth. Teed published a paper in Chicago called the Flaming Sword and gained thousands of followers, including a large household of "angels," many of them wealthy. After Teed, who called himself "the new Messiah now in the world," had been run out of his latest refuge in Lake county, California, owing of alleged immoral practices, the remnant of his following formed the nucleus of the Holy Bollers. They asserte: that they had a monopoly of the business of saving souls. While engaged in breaking up homes, which they declared to be contrary to divine law, they established private "heavens" with "angels" recruited largely from the rural districts. And although the doctrine of chastity and celibacy was preached, unbelievers accused the leaders of gross violations of the moral code.

The killing of Creffield, known as "Joshus the Prophet," was applauded throughout the Northwest, where a bitter feeling had been engendered by the propaganda of the weird and erratic doctrines of the cuit. It is said the Holy Rollers are affiliated with the Jezreelites, or disciples of the Flying Soroll, the 144,000 of the "elect" spoken of in revelations who are not to see death. This sect was organized in Chatham, England, by Michael Rey, who styled himself the Primos Michael.

He started to build a skyscraper "heaven" in England, called the Tower of Jezreel.

He started to build a skyscraper "heaven" in England, called the Tower of Jezreel, to rival the Tower of Babel, but died when only six stories were completed. As in the other cults named, long hair, the claim to the possession of a direct wire to heaven and an appeal to the emotions and the love of mystery constituted the chief assets of the disciples of the prophet of the Flying Scroll.

STANDARD OIL MOVES TO QUASH.

Alleges Incompetency of Information Filed Against It and John D. Rockefeller.

FINDLAY, Ohio, July 13 .- In the suit of the State of Ohio against the Standard Oil Company and John D. Rockefeller for violation of the Valentine anti-trust law, now pending in the Probate Court, the Standard Oil Company has filed a separate motion to quash the information, as follows:

"The defendant, the Standard Oil Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Ohio, now comes and moves the court to quash the information filed herein against it on account of certain

filed herein against it on account of certain defects apparent upon the face of the record in this, to wit:

"First—Said defendant cannot be prosecuted for the alleged offences therein set forth upon information, but can only be prosecuted therefor by indictments regularly found by the Grand Jury of the county.

"Second—No proof of any affidavit or affidavits other than that of the prosecuting attorney attached to the said information were filed in this court preliminary to the filing of said information as its basis therefor, nor;

"Third—Said information attempted to charge many separate and distinct offences

charge many separate and distinct offences in a single count and is therefore bad for

duplicity."
A similar motion filed by the Manhattan
Oil Company was dismissed a few weeks
ago by Judge Barker.

The Welch process transfers the juice from the fullripe Concord grapes to the hermetically sealed new bottles,unchanged. That is why

Welch's GrapeJuice

has the fresh fruit flavor of the growing clusters. Order by the name. It is on every bottle.

Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere. Write us for free book of reedges. Welch Grape Julee Oo., Westfield, N. Y.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN. One of the coolest looking spots in the city on a warm day is the Tombs prison

yard. It is on the Lafayette street side of the building, but few persons except the prisoners and the tenants of the surrounding office buildings ever see it, as there is a high wall around it.

In the centre of the yard is a good sized grass plat. The prisoners, in squads are allowed to have exercise in the yard every day. At intervals the flagging around the grass plat is washed by two orderlies, who use a long hose, and then the yard looks cooler than ever.

A large blond woman made a \$2 bet on Dishabille at the Sheepshead race track one day last week. As the horses turned into the stretch Miller, the jockey, cut loose with Dishabille.

"Oh, oh," wailed the blond woman, loud enough for the grand stand to hear. "Dishabille, Dishabille, you're beginning too

Seated on a bench in Battery Park the other afternoon was a young woman, per-haps 30 years old. She looked like a Scandinavian. Her white shirtwaist and black skirt were trim and neat. She wore no hat. Unmindful of the curious passersby she sat looking out on the bay and smoking a cigar,

breva size.

Nick, the bootblack, overcome by curiosity, strolled over to the bench, took a sigarette from his pocket, and asked for a light.

light.

The young woman answered "Certainly," and complied with his request.

"We don't often see a woman smoking a cigar," Nick volunteered.

"Is that so?" she asked, with interest, blowing a little funnel of smoke toward the bay, only to have it carried back into her face by the wind. "I do enjoy a good cigar so much."

It is whispered that the forthcoming visit of Camille Saint-Saëns to this country next winter will not, after all, be the first he has ever paid to New York. The distinguished French composer, according to testimony of very positive witnesses, slipped into the city incognito several years ago on a steamer from the South and remained concealed in a French hotel until the departure of one of the liners for Paris. Saint-Saëns of one of the liners for Paris. Saint-Saene for some years past has had the disappearing habit. He suddenly drops out of his accustomed Paris sphere and does not come back for several months. Sometimes be turns up in the Canary Islands, sometimes in Morocco's most unfrequented parts. The newspapers make vague allusions to he turns up in the Canary Islands, sometimes in Morocco's most unfrequented parts. The newspapers make vague allusions to these excursions, which at one time alarmed his friends. Saint-Saëns is older now and has ourbed to some extent his disposition to wander in strange quarters of the world. While returning from one of these trips, however, he landed in this city, preserved a strict incognito and rarely went out of the hotel on University place, where he was recognized and addressed by name by some French musicians who happened to be there at the time and explained to the landlord what a distinguished stranger he was sheltering.

A corpulent man with a red face went to Coney Island on Sunday from the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn and sat in a cross seat of an open car in front of two stout German women. In searching for a nickel to pay his fare the stout man dropped a quarter, which rolled almost under the dress of one of the women. He realized that he might make a spectacle of himself and also might offend the woman if he attempted to pick up the quarter, so he decided to wait until she and her friend got out, meanwhile taking an occasional glance at the coin.
The women found themselves at their station unexpectedly and in their hurry to get out one knocked her handkerchief, which was weighted with something, on the back was weighted with something, on the back of the man's seat. A corner of the hand-kerchief dropped, letting out a shower of jingling silver. The owner kneeled and began collecting the coin, while her friend urged her to hurry. The man gave a sigh of relief after the woman got up without having noticed his quarter. Just then, however, the other woman observed it and said, "Katrina, you haf not all dot schange got. Look, dere vas a kewarter!" Katrina, with an effort, stooped and picked up the quarter and she and her friend rushed out of the car. The stout man, who saw the futility of protest under the peculiar circumstances, cursed his gallantry and his embonpoint.

"What an awfully pretty hat!" exclaimed the observant woman as she met a friend wearing a fetching lingerie confection; "but you told me you were---

"I know it," said the other hastily, "and

"I know it," said the other hastily, and I am. I haven't bought a single, solitary new thing this summer."

The first replied by casting a reproachful glance at aforesaid hand embroidered hat.

"Whisper!" said she who wore it. "I made this over a five cent frame; it is my mother's best table centrepiece, bought in bygone days of affluence. She wept and raged, but I told her I needed a hat more than we required embroidery on the table."

A West End avenue man undertook to meet his unknown girl cousin at the station on Tuesday. This is how he did it. He approached a young woman in blue and

"Are you Miss Blake?" "No," said the young woman, "I am not." "I hope you'll excuse me," he explained. "I am here to meet a Miss Blake. She is my cousin. I have never seen her. My sister Kate is the only member of our family who knows her, and she couldn't come. She told me I would know Jennie because she is so pretty. 'Just pick out the prettiest girl in the station and you'll be sure to strike Jennie,' she said."

young woman blushed, the young man sighed.
"I don't know who to ask next," he said. "There doesn't seem to be anybody else in the whole shooting match that comes up to the description." I guess Jennie didn't A tall girl in brown sat beside the girl in

A tall girl in brown sat beside the girl in blue. She got up and glared at the young man. "She did," said the girl in brown.
"Oh, Lord," said he, "are you——"
"I am," said the girl in brown.
And of course nobody could expect a girl to be friends with a man after that.

"I've been seein' New York," announced the Western man, as he blew into the office

of a New York friend in a downtown sky "Coney Island?" inquired the New York

man languidly.

"Shoot the chutes?" "Shot everything in sight: But the best time I had was with a kid down there."

"There are plenty of them." "Yes, New York doesn't need to worry about race suicide. This chap was about three years old. He was digging in the sand on the beach with a toy shovel and a tin bucket. I talked with him a while and when he wasn't looking I slipped two or three cents down the hole he had dug. When he resumed his labors his eyes bulged. He couldn't believe his luck. It was better than finding pay dirt to watch him. He dug up the cash with a yell and started to find his mother, further down the beach. While he was gone I slid in a few more coppers and threw a little sand over them. He came right back and began digging again and of course he soon made another find. That settled him. He gathered in the goods and then he buckled down to work on that hole like a prospector. I'll bet he's diggin' there yet if his mother hasn't dragged him away, and if she has I'll bet he yelled some before he went." "Yes, New York doesn't need to worry

Noted Belgian Vicitnist to Come Here

Again. César Thomson, the noted Belgian violinist, is to return to this country next season. He has been engaged by Loudon Charlton for a series of appearances to begin in January. His only previous visit to this country was ten years ago.

COL. WATTERSON PROTESTS.

THERE ARE KENTUCKY GIRLS, BUT HE DON'T KNOW 'EM.

a Circulation Manager Undertakes to Run a Voting Contest is it Any of a Great Editor's Business?—They're Going to Europe To-day for a Trip.

A special Pullman peach car was attached to the Southwestern Limited when it rolled into the Grand Central Station last night an hour late, and from the car came the thirty young women and the two men that Col. Henry Watterson's Louisville Courier-Journal is sending to Europe. Each of the party taking the trip at the paper's exepnse received 250,000 or more votes in a contes that had rent Kentucky and southern Indiana asunder for the last six months.

George E. Johnson, circulation manager of the Courier-Journal, and George F. Kast advertising manager, both middle aged men with families, are the two men selected as safe and sane to accompany the part and see that it gets to Europe all right. The conditions of the contest, Mr. Johnson explained, were that no girl would be eligible unless she were "as old as twenty and as young as forty-five."

THE SUN reporter, confident that Col. Watterson would be on hand to meet the load of peaches at the station, sought out the editor at the Manhattan Club an hour before the train was scheduled to arrive. When a card was sent in word came back that the Colonel was being shaved, and the reporter, knowing how a man likes to appear at his best when going to meet even one peach, waited while the barber did his

ing the red carpet of the clubhouse with gold when a military step was heard on the steps. The whir of an electric fan died down to a far off croon. The dreamy odor of lilac water began to fill the room. A robin among the trees of the park broke into song, and there in the golden light

into song, and there in the golden light stood the Colonel.

A dainty straw hat shaded the editor's lofty brow and he wore buttoned prettily about his erect figure a suit of dark gray surmounted by a Roosevelt collar and delicately built cravat. And all through the golden haze floated the essence of lavender and Florida water and the pungent odor of crushed young mint leaves, all combining to bring back sweet memories of a summer breeze of farthest Ind.

"What time do you expect your carload of peach—of travellers, Col. Waterson?" was the first question put to the gallant editor.

was the first question put to the gallant editor.

"My carload?" burst forth the Colonel.

"Why, dammit man, I have nothing to do with them! I don't know even who they are. All this thing has been and is in Mr. Johnson's department of our paper.

"But the evening papers, Colonel——"

"That's an outrage, an outrage, suh, that story that I am here to see that these young men and women get off to Europe safely. That story waspublished, suh, by a paper that appeals only to the vulgar, suh, and that has no regard for the truth. I am in N' Yo'k, suh, because this is the only place to loaf in summer, the only hot weather resort worth coming to. It's the only town esort worth coming to. It's the only town

"And where can you get a mint julep north of the Mason and Dixon line except here?" said a man in a gray plaid who, seated in a leather chair near by, was upholding the beauties of Manhattan in an argument with a man in brown, evidently from

delphia

The golden afterglow was giving way
to a purple dusk around the Colonel's form to a purple data as he resumed "Dammit, I don't even know the name of the boat these young ladies are going to sail on to-morrow. There's nothing more to

the boat these young ladies are going to sail on to-morrow. There's nothing more to say, suh, nothing more?" asked the reporter, reluctantly, picking up his hat.

"Absolutely nothing. Good-by, suh."
"Go-o-od by, Colonel. But tell me—are you going up to meet the train when it arrives?"

It is only a short arrive to the train the Morrow the

arrives?"

It is only a short sprint from the Manhattan Club door to the Madison avenue cars, which lead to the Grand Central Station, and fortunately a car was in sight when the reporter, with a fair lead, reached the corner. And when the Southwestern Limited arrived, out poured the peaches, and with craning necks and standing on tiptoe looked with eager eyes over the heads of the crowd for one form that Louisville has missed for a month.

"Where's the Colonel? Where's Col. Watterson?" asked the tall girl with peacock feathers in her hat of the first policeman met.

met.
"Who's Col. Watterson?" demanded the

"Who's Col. Watterson?" demanded the cop, blankly.

"Well, of all the ques—" began the girl with the peacock feathers and grasped the iron gate for support.

Mr. Johnson, Mr. Kast and Mrs. Kate Bohannon of Stanton, Ky., who is chaperoning the party, conducted the girls between twenty and forty-five to the Hotel Seville, at Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street, where the Kentuckians were to spend their one night in New York before sailing. Hotel clerks, bellboys and girls got mixed up in a general scramble when the hotel office was reached, but at last the elevators by being put to it a bit got the party upstairs to the various rooms awaiting it.

Then there was more scurrying about on the part of the perspiring Mr. Kast when he came to gather them together to file into the dining room. Checking names off on a note book as he scurried from floor to floor, Mr. Kast finally marshalled together all the party but Miss Aneina Schwaninger of Jeffersonville, Ind., who for a long time was lost in the shuffle. But at last Miss Schwaninger was located in a wrong room and everybody sat down to dinner.

Mournful and erect the thirty young women sat at the table gazing blankly at the glasses of water before them and hoping against hope that the Colonel would show himself at last. But finally Mr. Kohnson broke the news firmly but gently that Col. Watterson had just called him up on the telephone to say that he would not be among those present.

Miss Ora E. Hazelip of Brownsville, Ky.

among those present.
Miss Ora E. Hazelip of Brownsville, Ky. among those present.

Miss Ora E. Hazelip of Brownsville, Ky. is the youngest member of the party, and she also led the contest in the number of votes. She said she is a practising attorney and was admitted to the bar last May, when she was just 20 years old.

"You came out first in the contest, did you net, Miss Hazelip?" the reporter asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are a lawyer, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—and you live in a district that is solidly Republican?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—er—Col. Watterson's paper is strongly Democratic, sin't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—er—oh, you all hoped to see the Colonel before leaving?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—and—oh, I suppose there's nothing

"Yes, sir."
"And—and—oh, I suppose there's nothing else?"

else?"
"No, sir."
For the information of Col. Watterson it might be stated that the party will embark this morning on the liner Columbia. The itinerary, according to a printed slip belonging to Mr. Johnson, includes "one night in New York, a peep at Ireland, two days in Scotland, seven days in England, five days in France, five days in Switzerland, four in Germany, two in Holland, one in Belgium, nine days en route to New York on the Finland and then two days for "Home, Sweet Home."

land and then two days for "Home, Sweet Home."

"We wanted to do Coney Island to-night," said Mr. Johnson, "but everybody is too tired. I think they'll all go straight to bed after supper—dinner, I mean." But two of the more reckless of the girls walked out on Madison avenue with bated breath after coming from the dining room, and then, after first joining hands, started off, walking backward to keep the hotel constantly in sight, for a stroll.

"Evening, golls," said a short young person with turned up trousers and pancake hat, pleasantly. "Going away from here or coming?"

Whereupon there was a stifled scream, and the venturesome ones ran back to tell Mr. Johnson that never again would they go on the streets of a great city alone.

BRYAN FOR DISARMAMENT. Praises Present British Attitude To Make Tour of England.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. friend, War Secretary Haldane, in the House of Commons yesterday, on army reform,

"I went to hear Mr. Haldane's sp partly because I am delighted with the personality of the War Secretary and partly because I am interested in the matter o disarmament. I am very much gratified at the attitude taken by the British Govern ment, and it gave me great pleasure to observe the hearty response that was given to every peace sentiment and to the desire he expressed for the reduction of military establishments. England in this, matter is setting an example which other nations

ought to follow."

Mr. Bryan explained that he did not profess to know what England's requirements were. All he was venturing to approve was the broad principle of reduction of armaments. He continued:

"I am a believer in arbitration and in everything that makes for the substitution of reason for force. Naturally, therefore, I applaud any steps in the direction of modifying our excessive military establish-

Mr. Bryan was asked whether he thought the time was ripe for disarmament and how he thought it might be brought about. He

"I admit that when you come to the practical question many difficulties present themselves and various points have to be considered. The sentiment of the nation must be taken into account, and it is hard to get one nation to do what surrounding nations refuse to do. But as to aim there ought to be no two opinions. Every effort should be made in every country to cultivate a public opinion that will support the larges reductions in armaments that conditions

Mr. Bryan was not to be drawn into a discussion of the question of closer relations between Great Britain and the United

"The relations are excellent at present he said, "and I don't wish they should be otherwise. But I don't think we should single out any one nation with which to cultivate specially friendly feelings. The fact that we speak the same language makes it more easy to communicate and induces Americans to feel more at home in England than perhaps in any other country. the American nation is a composite nation, including people from all parts of Europe. For that reason I think we are not in a position to ally ourselves with any particular nation while doing our best to be on the best of terms with all nations."

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and their daughter will leave London on Sunday and pay a visit to Stratford-on-Avon and other places throughout the country. They will return to London on July 23 and remain here until after the congress of the Interparliamentary Union for the Promotion of Internationa Arbitration. Then they will go to the Continent. They intend to sail for home from Gibraltar on August 20.

ADOPT LAND SEIZURE IDEA.

ployed at West Ham Follow Example of the Manchester Socialists. Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 13.-Fourteen unemployed nen, imitating the example set by Jack Williams and his fellow Socialists at Manchester this week, have seized a piece of land belonging to the borough of West Ham and settled themselves upon it, with the expressed intention of cultivating it.

J. P. Morgan to Sail on the Baitle. Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, July 13.—J. Pierpont Morgan

and his family will sail for New York on the steamer Baltic on Wednesday next.

SOUGHT WOMEN PARTNERS. Police Arrest Man Who, They Think, Got

\$1,000 Fraudulently From One. The police of the East Twenty-second street station house locked up last night a man who said that he was E. Paul of Wilkinsburg. Pa., on a charge of grand larceny made by Kate Kelly, whose exact address the police did not record. Miss Kelly said she answered an advertisement last May that said that a man wanted a woman as business partner, with the eventual idea of

matrimony. She met Paul at the Grand Central Station and at once gave him \$1,000 as her share of a venture in the Uncle Sam Hotel of Millville, Pa., which Paul said he owned. She was to have met him again, but he sent a telegram to say that his hotel had burned down and that he had to go West. She reported the case to Capt. Hussey in the East Twenty-second street station. All the police knew of her, they say, was that she lived in a hotel in the Eighteenth precinct.

Detective Sergeants Herzing and Schnacke were put on the case. They looked for more advertisements of a simila

looked for more advertisements of a similar strain, and finally got one. It was signed simply Mr. Bachelor. The detectives faked up a letter which as a missive from an illiterate German servant girl was a model. It caught Mr. Bachelor, and he told "Marie Rodel" to meet him at the Grand Central Station. The woman who met Bachelor there says she got him to admit that he was E. Paul. Then he was arrested.

On him were found a bankbook on the Central National Bank of Wilkinsburg, Pa., made out to Paul Sattelkam & Co. and showing a balance of \$5,000, and a check book on the same bank belonging to F. Paul and displaying \$2,000 halance. There was a check for \$1,000 on the Nassau Trust Company of Brooklyn to E. Paul, signed Rosskam, Gersteley & Co., and neither cancelled, indorsed nor marked in any way. Apparently it never had been presented, although about four months old. There was also a book on a savings bank up in Great Barrington, Mass.

The man had a book with a list of names and addresses of thirty women, with a comment alongside the name of acceptance. and addresses of thirty women, with a comment alongside the name o' each. They were mostly with regard to finance. He will be arraigned in Yorkville court this mostly.

BANK CLERK'S SAD HOMECOMING. He is Under Arrest for Stealing \$700 -He Sent Back Stelen Securities.

Wheelock Harvey, the nineteen-year-old clerk in the First National Bank, who disappeared on June 6 with \$700 in cash and a appeared on June 6 with \$700 in cash and a lot of securities, arrived here from Te xas last night in the custody of Detective Sergeant O'Connor. The charge against him is grand larceny. The bank officials and the surety company on his bond, it is said, are not desirous of prosecuting him.

Harvey kept the cash, but mailed the securities from Washington. He was found on a ranch at Fort Worth, Tex., with his chum, David Melville.

E. W. Harriman Receives Three Cub Black Behre From Alaska.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., July 18.-E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, who has an estate of several thousand acres in Orange county, near Arden, has just received three cub black bears from Alaska. They were sent to Mr. Harriman by express from White Pass, Alaska, and arevery young, averaging about twenty pounds in weight. They are frisky little fellows and are a source of much amusement to Mr. Harriman's friends. The bears will summer on Mr. Harriman's estate, going to the Bronx Zoo to spend the winter.

HORSE THIEF SHOT DEAD. Citizens, Officers and Cowboys Engage in

Long Chase. EAST ST. LOUIS, III., July 13 .- After being hased more than a mile by citizens on foot, cowboys on broncos and officers in buggies, John H. Hilken, alias Frank Forest, was shot and mortally wounded in the streets of this city this morning, dying an hour later in St. Mary's Hospital.

He had stolen a horse and buggy from near Collinsville, Ill., and had sold the horse to R. H. Pendleton at the National Stock

Pendleton paid for the animal with a check, and then, becoming suspicious, stopped payment by telephone. When Hilken returned to the stock yards he was charged with being a horse thief. He at once broke for the willows in a swampy place near the river. The hue and cry was raised. Men and boys poured out of the stables and started after the fugitive. Cowboys mounted broncos and joined in the man hunt, until fully 200 persons were in full cry, headed by Officer Dwyer, who repeatedly fired at the fugitive.

Hilken was seen to be wounded just as he entered the willows. A hundred men beat up the willows while those on horseback rode rapidly around to head the fugitive off. Hilken broke through the cordon and started for this city. Upon reaching Hecker and Fourteenth streets the pursuers were only fifty yards behind. Hilken was limping badly from his wound.

Officer Voltz pulled his pistol and ordered the fugitive to surrender. Hilken replied with a shot. Voltz returned the fire. Hilken reeled and fell prone, throwing his pistol toward Voltz as he went down, exclaiming: "I won't want this any more. You've got me." Pendleton paid for the animal with a

me."

He was picked up and taken to the hospital, where he died an hour later.. Examination disclosed that three of the bullets fired by Dwyer had hit him, two going through the back and inflicting what would have been fatal wounds had the shot of Voltz not settled the business. A kit of burglar tools was found in his pockets, and he had left a jimmy in the buggy at the stock yards.

STANDARD OIL REBATES.

Federal Grand Jury at Jamestown Taking Testimony-Adjourns to Monday. JAMESTOWN N. Y., July 13.-After two days investigation of the alleged illegal rebates allowed the Standard Oil Company the Federal Grand Jury in this city this afternoon adjourned until Monday when the investigation will be resumed The principal witness examined to-day was Jefferson Justice of Philadelphia. Mr. Justice is auditor of the Pennsylvania road, and he told the jury the business method

and he told the jury the business method of that corporation.

Mr. Justice was followed by Robert C. Wright, assistant general freight agent, of Philadelphia.

Thus far the investigation has not produced any remarkable results. District Attorney Brown frankly admits that he is on a fishing excursion and does not know where he will land. He said he should spend all of next week taking testimony and that the next adjournment would be a recess for about ten days in order to digest the mass of testimony regarding railroad rates, &c.

ATHLETES AT CONEY ISLAND. Carr Runs Fast Two Miles-Horgan's Fine Shot Putting.

The second annual athletic games of the French fête took place last night at Dreamland, Coney Island, and a programme of half a dozen events brought together a big crowd of the local cracks. The most important of the track events was the two mile handicap, and after the field had been sifted of the hacks the closing laps assumed an inter-national aspect, England, America and Ireland being represented in Nelson, Carr and Daly respectively.

Daly, the Irishman, figured on scratch with Nelson on the seventy yard mark and Carr on sixty. Nelson was in the fead until within a lap of home, when Carr-went by him and won by several yards. Daly came with a within a lap of home, when Carr-went by him and won by several yards. Daly came with a rush toward the end, but he could not quite reach the other two, and he had to be content with third place. The time, a minutes is 4-5 seconds, was fast going, when the small track and soft dirt are considered. Plerce of the New York A. C. won the fifty yard handicap with an allowance of 14 feet.

The quarter mile was a spirited race, the winner turning up in F. J. Marz of the Xavier A. A. with a start of 21 yards. F. J. Kear of the same club was second with 20 yards start. The big man had an interesting time in the 12 pound shot contest. First prize fell to Denis Horgan of the New York A. C., the scratch man, and he sent the sphere the fine distance of 5? feet 9½ inches. There was no cleat in front, which was a big disadvantage to the putters.

Besides, the ground was loose, so that with these two drawbacks Morgan's mark was the best bit of 12 pound shot putting since George Grey made the record of 55 feet 2 inches, fifteen years ago. Jones of the V. M. C. A.; with a handicap of six feet, was second. E. M. O'Gorman, an eighteen-year-old young-ster from Georgetown University, surprised the crowd by securing third place, his put being 43 feet 11 inches.

ULCERS IN EYES SIGHTTHREATENED

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Mrs. Agnes Wright, Chestnut St., Irwin, Pa. Oct. 16, 1905.

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